

To Kill A Mockingbird

Multi-Genre Project

Jolly

Discovery Core Spring 2013

Cover/Title Page

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"Illuminations"

- Second-to-last written piece (always ToC last)
- Reflect on experience
 - Message of novel from class discussions
 - Message from doing this project - what you discovered
 - Two favorite pieces & why
 - ALWAYS finish with real-world connection

Genre 1: Three Songs

"Hurricane" by Bob Dylan (performed by The Band)

Dylan's song about the wrongful trial and imprisonment of Ruben Carter is a parallel to the wrongful trial and imprisonment of Tom Robinson. Carter, like Robinson, is a Black man who is accused by whites. His trial, like Robinson's, is a "pig circus"...

Genre 2: Alternate Ending

(begins on p.261)

I felt the sand go cold under my feet and I knew we were near the big oak. Jem pressed my head. We stopped and listened.

Shuffle-foot had not stopped with us this time. His trousers swished softly and steadily. Then they stopped. He was running, running toward us with no child's steps.

"Run, Scout! Run! Run!" Jem screamed.

If I lived to hear the songs of a thousand mockingbirds on a thousand cool summer mornings, their beauty would never warm the chill that went up my spine when I heard Jem's shrieking suddenly start to bubble, like the noise we made when we would try yelling to each other under water. I stumbled, rolled, and generally progressed as slowly as my costume-turned-straitjacket would allow toward what little light I could see up by the road. Behind me, a gasping, wheezing battle had begun between at least two individuals. First a slap of bare knuckles on skin, then a dull thud and the "Ooof!" of a blow to the stomach. I made for the light right quick. At the corner, I stopped and turned back to let Jem catch up. He wasn't there.

Genre 3: Letter to the Editor

Editor

Santa Rosa Press-Democrat

Santa Rosa, CA

February 10, 2013

Editor:

Studying the terrible trial of Tom Robinson in To Kill A Mockingbird with my English class, I learned of an even more shameful conviction: that of the Scottsboro Boys. While the Robinson trial remains seared in my mind as only the narrative power of fiction can do, the case of the Scottsboro Boys is worse, for it was no fiction at all. It is a historical fact.

Sadly, the fact of an unjust system of justice for those of African descent is not historical at all. According to 2010 census data, African-Americans made up 12.6% of the total US population; the population identifying themselves as white was nearly six times as large. Yet go into a prison and you'll find a very different demographic: Blacks are nearly six times as likely to be incarcerated as whites, according to data from the nonprofit Prison Policy Initiative. While there may be many reasons why individuals end up behind bars, such data suggests a flawed system which remains all-too-ready to convict a man based upon his skin color.

Just as the South had to come to terms with its own racism in the Civil Rights Era, it's time for some reckoning on the part of the nation's justice system...

Genre 4: A Map of Maycomb, AL

(see insert)

Genre 5: Found Poem

In The Name of God

This case is not a difficult one.

We know all men are not created equal:

the filthiest human I had ever seen

("He's one of the Ewells, ma'am"),

A quiet, respectable, humble Negro.

Climb into his skin and walk around in it.

Down past the county dump away

the warm smell of roasting meat,

brick-hard clay,

can't but one of 'em read.

Folks aren't anxious to - to have anything to do with any of his family

That changes things, doesn't it?